



# 'PRENTICE BOY,

AND

## GENERAL WOLFE.

### 'Prentice Boy.

AS down in Cupid's garden, with pleasure I did walk,  
I met two pretty lovers, in private they did talk;  
It was a brisk young lady, and a young 'prentice boy,  
In private she was telling him that he was all her joy.

Her cheeks were like the roses, her humor was so free,  
She says, if e'er I marry, love, it shall be unto thee;  
He says, dear honor'd lady, I am a 'prentice boy,  
How can I ever think that I a lady shall enjoy.

As soon as her dear parents the thing did understand,  
They had this young man banished into a foreign land;  
While she lay broken hearted, lamenting she did cry,  
It's for my charming 'prentice boy, a maid I'll live and die.

He unto a rich merchant, a waiting man became,  
And by his good behaviour, he got him a good name;  
He soon became his butler, which did increase his fame,  
And by his faithful service, he his steward soon became.

For fortune in the lottery, his money he put down,  
And thus he won a noble prize, worth twenty thousand pounds;  
And then with gold and silver, his clothes he laid indeed,  
To England, he returned home, to his true love with speed.

He offer'd kind embraces, but she flew from his arms,  
No lords nor dukes in laces, shall e'er enjoy my charms;  
I do despise all powerful gold, and riches I defy,  
'Tis for my charming 'prentice boy, a maid I'll live and die.

He says, dear honored lady, I have been in your arms,  
Here is the ring you gave me, while doting on your charms;  
You said if e'er you married, your charms I should enjoy,  
Your parents then did banish me, I am the 'prentice boy.

When viewing of his features, she flew into his arms,  
They had a happy meeting, kissing each other's charms;  
And then in Cupid's garden, the road to church they found,  
In pure and lasting pleasure, they in golden chains were bound.

*Military Songs P. III. No. 8.*  
**General Wolfe.**

CHEER up your hearts, young men, let nothing fright you,  
Be of a gallant mind, let that delight you;  
Let not your courage fail, till after trial,  
Nor let your fancy move at the first denial.

I went to see my love only to woo her,  
I went to gain her love, not to undo her;  
Whene'er I spake a word, my tongue did quiver,  
I could not speak my mind while I was with her.

Love, here's a diamond ring, long time I've kept it,  
'Tis for your sake alone, if you will accept it;  
When you the poesy read, think on the giver,  
Madam, remember me, or I'm undone forever.

Brave WOLFE then took leave of his dear jewel,  
Most sorely did she grieve, saying, don't be cruel;  
Said he, 'tis for a space that I must leave you,  
Yet, love, where'er I go, I'll not forget you.

So this gallant youth did cross the ocean,  
To free America from her invasion;  
He landed at Quebec, with all his party,  
The city to attack, both brave and hearty.

Brave WOLFE drew up his men in form most pretty,  
On the Plains of Abraham, before the city;  
There just before the town the French did meet them,  
With double number, they resolved to beat them.

When drawn up in a line, for death prepared,  
While in each other's face the armies stared;  
So pleasantly brave WOLFE and MONTCALEM talked,  
And martially between their armies walked.

Each man then took his post at his retire,  
And then these numerous hosts began to fire;  
The cannon on each side did roar like thunder,  
The youths in all their pride were torn asunder.

The drums did loudly beat, colours were flying,  
The purple gore did stream, and men lay dying—  
When shot from off his horse, fell this brave hero,  
And we lament his loss in weeds of sorrow.

The French began to break, their ranks were flying,  
Brave WOLFE then seem'd to wake as he lay dying.  
He lifted up his head, while guns did rattle,  
And to his army said, how goes the battle?

His aid-de-camp replied, 'tis in our favor,  
Quebec, with all her pride, we soon shall have her;  
She'll fall into our hands with all her treasure!  
O, then replied brave WOLFE, I die with pleasure.

He clos'd his eyes with joy, on human glory,  
And left these earthly toys, so transitory;  
Brave WOLFE is now enrolled the first of heroes,  
And joins a host of those who feel no sorrows.

At sixty-one, Hanover Street,  
Call, and I will you greet  
With SONGS, that are both droll and queer:  
You'll find a great abundance here.

Sold wholesale and retail, by LEONARD DEMING, at the Sign of the Barber's Pole, No. 61, Hanover St. Boston, and at MIDDLEBURY, VT.